

## ODD INCIDENTS OF WAR

By CHARLES B. LEWIS.

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In December, 1864, Rear Admiral Porter entered upon a furious bombardment of Fort Fisher to permit the landing of troops. When he had silenced the works a few hundred men were thrown ashore, but through some misunderstanding the force was not increased. For 24 hours this detachment expected every moment to be attacked by troops sent from the fort, but as they were not informed a number were sent out after information. Two of them made their way directly into the fort without seeing a man. After getting inside one of them shot down a dispatch bearer and took his papers and his horse, and the other entered a bomb-proof and called upon the 200 men to surrender. When surrender was made he found himself in the position of the man hanging to the bear. He couldn't stay there, and he couldn't bring his prisoners away. He solved the problem by hurrying away after reinforcements, but his superior officer would not credit his story and refused to let him return. For a full hour the entire garrison was cooped up in the bomb-proofs, and one company of federals could have made every man prisoner. The fire of the fleet had been so hot and continuous that the garrison had become rattled for the time being. Two hours later they were fighting again like heroes. The man who brought the horse and dispatches away had only begun to tell his story when he was put under arrest as a liar, but his courage was afterwards acknowledged by promotion. Had the officer in command of the detachment been the man for the hour he could have presented the government with Fort Fisher as a Christmas present, and become the hero of the war.

**The Capture of Two Batteries.**  
In June, 1864, when Hunter was falling back from his raid on Lynchburg, with the confederates following and harassing him, a sharp attack was made on the gear guard at Salem. It was in the early morning, with the most of the men preparing breakfast, and something like a panic took place. While the infantry were engaged in holding the enemy in check the wagon train and two batteries were hurried along to the rear. A force of about 75 confederates moved into the hills by the flank, and marching down a ravine fell upon these batteries. It was said that the artillerymen hadn't even revolvers to defend themselves with, and the straggling infantry ran away at the first alarm. The confederates could neither use the guns nor get them away, and they contented themselves with spiking them and destroying the carriages. Of the 120 horses attached to gun and caissons, every last one of them was led away, and with them went about 50 artillerymen as prisoners. The affair was over so quickly that the infantry hurrying up found no enemy to fire upon. The confederates were led by a captain, who had an unlighted cigar in his mouth. His first act, upon rushing out of the ravine, was to beg a light of a federal lieutenant, who was smoking. Three or four federal officers were brought to court-martial for the stupid blunder which cost the government so dear, but the results have been lost in the dust of time.

**The Nerve of an Orderly.**  
During Kilpatrick's raid around Atlanta there was some of the hottest cavalry fighting of the war. Near Lovejoy's station he was headed by a large confederate force, and it was charge and countercharge for several hours. In one of the charges a federal brigade galloped through a three-gun battery, shooting and sabering as they rode, but not halting to take possession of the guns. There were enough artillerymen left to work the guns, and they were at once put to work on the rear of the charging brigade. Kilpatrick and his staff were in a field to the left of the guns, and when they reopened he moved forward to silence them. As they reached the highway they were checked by a stout fence, so high that no horse would take the jump. In this emergency, and while shots were being exchanged with revolvers, Kilpatrick's orderly, who was a private soldier from the Fourth Michigan cavalry, dismounted and began tearing down the fence. He had an opening in two or three minutes, and was the first one over. He rode straight at the guns, shot the captain and got possession of his horse, and later on assisted to spike the guns. He was slightly wounded by two bullets, and 31 others passed through his clothing. There were only 27 federals, and while none were killed five horses were lost and five or six men wounded. Kilpatrick, who had two bullets through his hat, rode up and shook hands with his orderly after the fight was over, and said to him:

"We can't have such good fighters hanging about headquarters. You will have to go back to your regiment and become a sergeant."

**Fighting for the Colors.**  
At Beaver Dam, where the confederate cavalry came up with Sheridan's raiding force, there was fighting over the highways for a distance of six miles, and the charges and countercharges broke the troops of both commands up into small bodies. After a fierce charge by a portion of Gregg's federal brigade a color bearer found himself alone on the edge of the cloud of dust and smoke. While trying to make out friend from foe he was attacked by a lieutenant of the Fifth North Carolina, who came dashing up with saber poised and demanded his surrender. The federal was armed with a revolver only, and though he fired six bullets at the confederate, he

merely wounded him in the hand. This caused him to drop his saber, and both were defenseless. Then they closed in and grappled with each other. The confederate was after the flag and the federal was fighting to keep it. Their horses galloped along side by side while the men grappled at each other, and this lasted for 30 minutes. Twice the confederate got possession of the flag, but it was wrenched away from him. He struck the federal in the face with his fist and brought the claret, and in return got a blow which almost closed his eye. By and by the tired horses stopped and the breathless men drew apart. Each demanded the surrender of the other, and each defiantly refused. In the end they saluted each other and rode away. At one period of the struggle the men passed close to 300 dismounted confederate cavalry, but the fear of killing their own man prevented a shot from being fired.

### Capturing a Wagon Train.

When the federal Gen. Sturgis was outfought at Guntown, Miss., and obliged to retreat on Memphis there was the wildest kind of a panic in his beaten army for the first 30 miles of the retreat. He had over 200 wagons with him, together with 70 ambulances, a dozen sutlers and many outfits belonging to cotton speculators. It had been raining heavily and the roads were in bad condition. It was about dusk when the federal rear guard took up the retreat, and the trains had an hour's start. As the confederates pursued a captain named Wiseman, whose regiment is not recorded, asked and obtained leave to attempt a bold trick. Partly disguised as a federal, he pushed ahead on horseback, and at midnight reached the head of the wagon train. At a spot where the road narrowed and was badly cut up a halt was made to fill up a mud hole before crossing, the captain began storming at the drivers and ordered them forward. The result was an upset which completely blocked the road, and instead of seeking to clear it the fugitives abandoned everything and pushed ahead on foot. The advancing confederates had nothing to do but take possession as fast as they came up. They captured 200 wagons, all the ambulances, two batteries, the headquarters baggage, all the spare ammunition and several thousand horses and mules. In addition they captured over 1,000 prisoners, and the number of muskets secured was over 7,000. Most of this good luck was brought about by the efforts of one single person, and is strong proof that queer things happen in war. The retreat was over a road 70 miles long, and it may be mentioned that among the first to arrive at Memphis were three brigadier generals and seven colonels, to say nothing of dozens of minor officers. At Ripley 32 federals, all of whom had lost their guns, surrendered to two armed confederates and were marched to the rear.

**Hunting for a Dead Man.**  
Early in January, 1865, Lieut. Fitch, of the Twelfth regulars, who had been on duty at Murfreesboro, Tenn., was ordered to report to Nashville, and while making his way to the latter point was captured, with two other officers, by guerrillas. As a first proceeding they were robbed of all their personal effects and then stood up to be shot at. As a volley was about to be fired the guerrilla leader changed his mind, and for two or three days the prisoners were retained in camp and well used. Then they set out under a small guard to Gen. Forrest. After plodding along for a few miles the party turned aside into a ravine, and when out of sight of the road the corporal of the guard turned and said to Fitch:

"It's too much trouble to go on, and we are going to finish you here!" With that he shot the officer through the head, and the other two were fired upon at the same time. Fitch fell to the earth apparently dead, but after a time recovered and crawled to the nearest house. He was taken in and cared for, but after a few hours the guerrillas heard that he was alive and returned to finish him. They would have shot him as he lay in bed, but the woman of the house protested:

"Don't you see that he is breathing his last? He can't live over an hour, and it is no use to waste more bullets." As soon as the guerrillas retired two men carried the officer to another house a mile away. When the fellows returned for the second time they were told that the man had walked off. They knew he was at death's door, and some of them believed that the dead had walked. A hunt was entered upon, however, and kept up for a week, but the federal was passed from house to house or hidden in sheds and thickets, and they did not find him. The ball passed clear through his head, but, queerly enough, he was almost as good as new at the end of six weeks. Seven different families gave him shelter, though each and every one of them was confederate. On one occasion the fugitive was carried out and hidden in an empty rain barrel at the corner of the house, and, though it was daylight, and the guerrillas were searching around for two hours, they did not find him.

**What He Needed.**  
Chappy—I should nevah, nevah marry for money, doncherknow.  
Rose—Well, I suppose some men do it because it is what they need most. (Sweetly)—What would you marry for, Mr. Chappy—brains?—Up to Date.



### THE PARSON BIRD.

Can Be Taught to Speak, to Crow Like a Cock and to Bark Just Like a Dog.

It has taken some hundreds of years for mankind to think out and develop the idea of a clergyman; but nature anticipates all man's ideas, however original. For hundreds of years the New Zealand bush has swarmed with clergymen—dapper little gentlemen in black coats and white ties. The "tui," as he is called by the Maori, or "parson bird," as named by the Briton, is the delightful little comforter and joy



THE PARSON BIRD.

of every tennis party or five o'clock tea that is held by the bird world of the New Zealand bush. He can be taught to speak, to crow like a cock, bark like a dog and to whistle tunes, and at evening he literally sings vespers and rings the curfew bell—for his note is then "like the clear high note of an organ and again like the striking together of hollow metallic rods." He closes the day with a clear, silvery "toll," then retires decently to rest at a suitable hour and sends all other respectable birds off to rest also.

The bird is about the size and shape of a blackbird, but has a pair of delicate tufts of white feathers at his throat, and is a glossy dark green otherwise, looking black in ordinary lights. He is a honey-eater and may be seen hovering at the flowers of the flax plant and fuchsia tree. But, alas! the introduction of the bee is fast destroying the tui. On more than one occasion he has been found dead with a bee's sting in his tongue. He is seldom still for a moment—preaching, singing, exhorting, mimicking; he will mimic every bird in the bush to perfection. Then he is such a buffoon; he will break off in the middle of an exquisite melody and indulge in the most strange medley of sounds, impossible to reproduce and difficult to describe, but if one can imagine "the combination of a cough, a laugh and a sneeze, with the smashing of a pane of glass," that will be some slight approach to the idea. The Maori have a song of 48 lines, each descriptive of a "movement" of the tui's sonata.

**Diplomacy of a Sheriff.**  
A Kansas sheriff arrested a man near the western end of the state and had to bring him to Leavenworth. He was a respectable looking man, and the sheriff did not want to humiliate him with handcuffs, and yet he was afraid the man was desperate enough to attempt escape. Presently a brilliant idea occurred to the sheriff. His prisoner had an artificial leg. The sheriff unstrapped it and hid it in the baggage car, and thus crippled the man rode in otherwise perfect freedom back to Leavenworth, and it is needless to explain that he made no attempt to run away.

**How He Got His Cards.**  
Sammie had just returned from Sunday school and his mother asked him he had been a good boy. "No; no very," was the truthful reply. "Thee you didn't get a good-behavior card?" queried his mother. "Oh, yes I did," replied the precocious youngster; "saved the money you gave me for the heathen and bought two from the other boys."—Chicago Daily News.

**The Beneficiaries.**  
City Cousin—Who was benefited by the charity concert night before last?  
Village Cousin—The people who didn't attend.—Judge.

### A SIMPLE TALE IN TWO ACTS.

[Act First.]  
Dear grandmamma, I write to say (And you'll be glad, I know), That I am coming, Saturday, To spend a week or so.

I'm coming, too, without mamma; You know I'm eight years old! And you will see how good I'll be, To do as I am told!

I'll help you lots about your work— There's so much I can do— I'll weed the garden, hunt for eggs, And feed the chickens, too.

And maybe I will be so good You'll keep me there till fall; Or, better still, perhaps you'll say I can't go home at all!

Now, grandmamma, please don't forget To meet me at the train! For I'll be sure to come—unless It should cloud up and rain!

[Act Second.]  
Dear mamma, please put on your things And take the next express; I want to go back home again— I'm very sick, I guess!

My grandmamma's very good to me, But grandmamma isn't you! And I forgot, when I came here, I'd got to sleep here, too!

Last night I cried myself to sleep, I wanted you so bad! To-day I cannot play or eat, I feel so very sad.

Please, mamma, come, for I don't see How I can bear to wait! You'll find me, with my hat and sack, Out by the garden gate.

And grandmamma will not care a bit If you should come, I know; Because I'm your own little girl, And I do love you so!

—Sarah E. Eastman, in Golden Days.

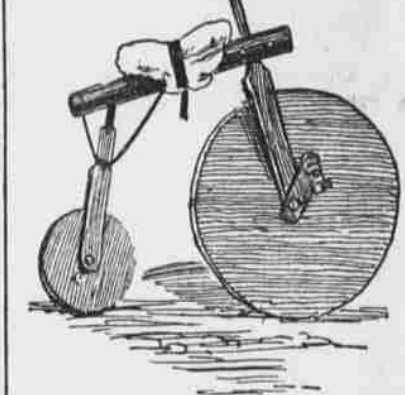
### QUEEREST BICYCLE.

Frame and Wheel Are of Wood and the Saddle is a Soothe Bag Tied with Bark.

The queerest bicycle on record is one built by John Gilguy, a fence inspector on a station beyond Bourke, New South Wales. So unique is it that its fame traveled to Sydney, where it was published in the Cycling Gazette; thence to the staid and dignified columns of the Mechanical Engineer of London, and thence to this column.

Gilguy is a clever inventor, but a poor man.

He lives among a wilderness of stumps, scrub and sticks, amid the mel-



STRANGEST WHEEL IN THE WORLD.

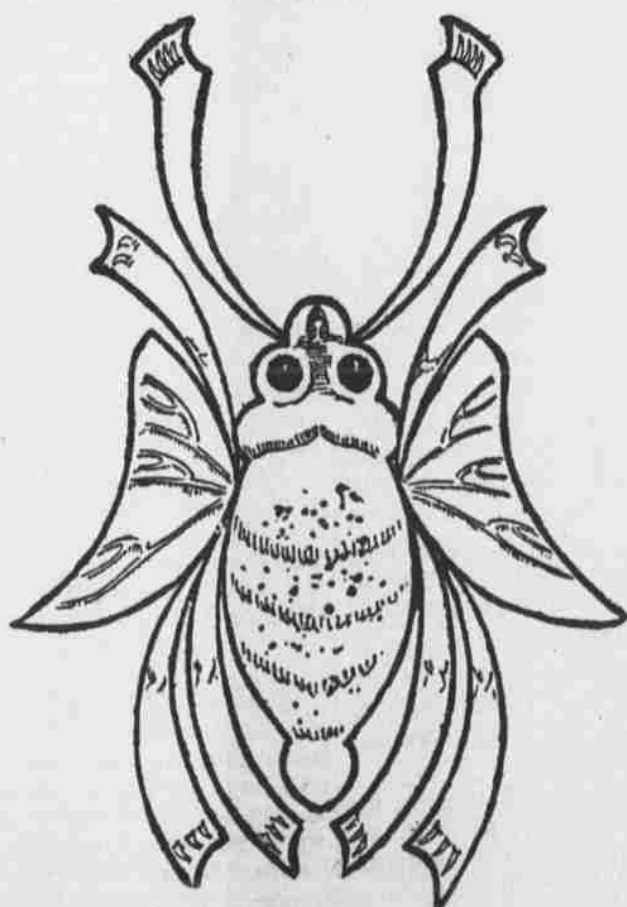
ancholy bleating of thousands of sheep, and his daily duty is to inspect miles of wire fencing.

The machine here depicted was the outcome of his lonely leisure and his inventive ingenuity.

It will be seen that the bicycle combines two of the very latest notions in cycling mechanics—it is chainless and unpuncturable. Though not constructed of aluminium, it is rust proof, and at the same time the expense of enameling and nickel plating is saved.

The frame and wheels are of wood and the saddle is a soothe bag tied with a stringy bark. The stays are of twisted fence wire and the ball bearings and spindles have been superseded by bolts and nuts. The wheels are warranted not to buckle and the exertion of driving the machine one measured mile is rather less than that required in walking the same distance.

### THE GEOMETRICAL BUG.



Cut out the various wings, legs and horns of this bug and rearrange in the exact shape of a baseball or perfect circle.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

## OHIO NEWS ITEMS

Gathered by Telegraph From All Parts of the State.

**Preparing for a Centennial Celebration.**  
Uhrichsville, Aug. 23.—A committee of Gnadenhutt business men has secured workmen to prepare memorial stones to mark several spots of interest in their historic village. Gnadenhutt was the first town settled in Tuscarawas county and will celebrate its 100th anniversary next month. It is for this occasion that the committee is preparing. Several large boulders, one of which weighs over a ton, will be appropriately lettered and placed in position to mark the site of the first house built in the town, the scene of the Indian massacre, and other points of interest. These boulders are almost as interesting as the town itself, all being worn smooth as if by the action of water, although they were found far from any stream.

**Probably Murdered for His Money.**  
Cleveland, Aug. 23.—Patrick Joyce, a saloonkeeper of No. 68 Old River street, has been missing since August 17 and it is believed he has been murdered. A police investigation has developed the fact that Joyce undoubtedly met with foul play. On August 17 Joyce went to Euclid Beach park with a young woman. They returned late in the evening. Joyce accompanied the girl to her home. From the time he left her home he has not been seen by any of his friends. It is supposed that on his way home he was held up and robbed, and that, offering resistance to the thieves, he was murdered. He had \$170 in his clothes when last seen.

**Dying from a Strange Disease.**  
Cleveland, Aug. 20.—Prof. Andrew Freese is slowly succumbing to death at his home in this city. He was attacked by the strange disease about a week ago. Physicians were called in, but they could do nothing to stop the hiccoughing. Prof. Freese is 82 years old and during the past two or three days the terrible strain has been slowly supping away his strength. Prof. Freese came to Cleveland in 1840 and began teaching in local schools. Through his efforts the first high school was established in 1846.

**Oil Tank Struck by Lightning.**  
Findlay, Aug. 18.—Lightning struck a large oil tank belonging to the Buckeye Pipe Line Co. on the tank farm west of the city Wednesday, completely destroying 25,000 barrels of oil. A terrific explosion occurred which shook the buildings in this city. The fire spread to outbuildings, track and fences and destroyed 15 cars belonging to the Lake Erie & Western Railroad Co. The total loss is estimated at \$30,000.

**Was Tunneling His Way Out of the Pen.**  
Columbus, Aug. 23.—While attempting to chisel his way from a cell in the penitentiary, John Ray, a Knox county prisoner, serving 15 years for shooting to kill, was trapped by Guard Blocker, Capt. Langenberger, of the night watch, and Capt. Vickers, of the guard room, Monday morning. There is no doubt of the guilt of the prisoner, as the material taken from a large hole and the tools found in his cell are silent witnesses.

**Nominated for Congress.**  
Mansfield, Aug. 18.—The democrats of the Fourteenth congressional district met in convention here Wednesday. The counties included in the district and their representation in the convention is as follows: Ashland 30, Huron 30, Knox 38, Lorain 31, Morrow 21, Richland 24, Thomas Gruber, a prominent attorney of Mt. Gilead, Morrow county, was nominated by acclamation.

**Hunting for a Dead Man's Shoes.**  
Toledo, Aug. 23.—There are about 20 applications for the office of infirmary director, in which a vacancy was made by the death of Herman Baumbach. Baumbach's death had been expected, and a week before he died five men made application to the county commissioners for the appointment to succeed him.

**A Wheelman's Accident.**  
Clyde, Aug. 19.—Charles Clapp, a young man about 17 years of age, while riding a bicycle collided with a horse and buggy, the thrill piercing the thigh, passing through the body and coming out at the small of the back. He was taken home and is now resting quietly.

**The Champion Corn Eater.**  
Youngstown, Aug. 23.—Hazelton, a suburb of this city, claims to have the champion green corn eater in Martin Einstein. He and Mark Dunn had a contest and Einstein ate 47 ears, his opponent eating 43. Friends will now back Einstein against the world for \$100.

**Two More Deaths in the Eighth.**  
Washington, Aug. 18.—Gen. Shafter in his last report of the deaths among his troops gives the following names of men from the Eighth Ohio regiment: Ward Wilford, Company B, remittent malarial fever; Corporal John S. Lee, Company G, yellow fever.

**Southard Renominated.**  
Toledo, Aug. 19.—The republican congressional convention of the Ninth Ohio district yesterday unanimously renominated Hon. James H. Southard for representative.

**McKinley Can't Attend the Encampment.**  
Cincinnati, Aug. 20.—President McKinley has sent his regrets to the invitation to attend the G. A. R. encampment at Cincinnati, and only unusual considerations will induce him to change his mind. He may possibly be induced to come to Ohio for one day.

**Will Hold a Peace Jubilee.**  
Mansfield, Aug. 20.—Mansfield citizens are arranging to hold a grand peace jubilee to commemorate the ending of the war. Preparations are also being made to give Company M, Eighth Ohio, a glorious welcome home.

## Nervous People

Are great sufferers and they deserve sympathy rather than censure. Their blood is poor and thin and their nerves are consequently weak. Such people find relief and cure in Hood's Sarsaparilla because it purifies and enriches the blood and gives it power to feed, strengthen and sustain the nerves. If you are nervous and cannot sleep, take Hood's Sarsaparilla and realize its nerve strengthening power.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. 61c. six for \$5. Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

### An Explanation.

"Look!" exclaimed a lady to her companion at the opera. "There is Mrs. Oldine in that box. Her hair is jet black and I'm positive it was streaked with gray the last time I saw her."

"Very true, dear," replied the other, "but you know her only brother died three months ago."

"Indeed? But what has that got to do with the color of her hair?"

"Why, don't you understand? She's in mourning."—Chicago Evening News.

### As It Is in Puerto Rico.

This is what happens in Puerto Rico every morning: "I am not feeling very well this morning, general," says Gen. Miles to Gen. Garretson. "I think I'll take something."

"Take something with me," says Gen. Garretson to Gen. Miles. "Guess I will," responds Gen. Miles. "I'll just go out and take a town."—St. Louis Chronicle.

### Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, nervous, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. 35c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

### Wars Within Wars.

"Another quarrel going on next door." "What's the matter this time?" "She wants to name the baby 'Dewey' and he wants the name for his wheel."—Indianapolis Journal.

### Wheat 40 Cents a Bushel.

How to grow wheat with big profit at 40 cents and samples of Salsar's Red Cross (30 Bushels per acre) Winter Wheat, Rye, Oats, Clovers, etc., with Farm Seed Catalogue for 4 cents postage. JOHN A. SALSAR SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis.

### Popular.

"He seems to be as popular as any young man here, and yet they say he is a widower." "Yes. You see his wife left a new bicycle when she died."—Up to Date.

### To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

A big necktie may cover a multitude of blotches on a shirt front as well as charity covers a multitude of sins.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

Write W. C. Rineerson, G. P. A., Queen & Crescent Route, Cincinnati, O., for free books and maps, \$5.00 Cincinnati to Chattanooga Excursion, Sept. 8-10.

An emotional nature is often mistaken for a sympathetic one.—Ram's Horn.

## The Falling Leaves Give Warning of Winter

So the falling of the hair tells of the approach of age and declining power.

No matter how barren the tree nor how leafless it may seem, you confidently expect leaves again. And why?

Because there is life at the roots.

So you need not worry about the falling of your hair, the threatened departure of youth and beauty. And why?

Because if there is a spark of life remaining in the roots of the hair

## AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

will arouse it into healthy activity. The hair ceases to come out; it begins to grow; and the glory of your youth is restored to you.

We have a book on the Hair and its Diseases. It is free.

The Best Advice Free.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address:

DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

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Allen's Ulcerine Salve is the only sure cure in the world for Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, White Swelling, Fever Sores, and all Old Sores. It never fails. Draws out all poison. Saves exposure and suffering. Cures permanent. Best salve for Boils, Carbuncles, Piles, Salt Rheum, Burns, Cuts and all Fresh Wounds. By mail, small size large 50c. Box free. J. P. ALLEN MEDICINE CO., St. Paul, Minn. Sold by Druggists.

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